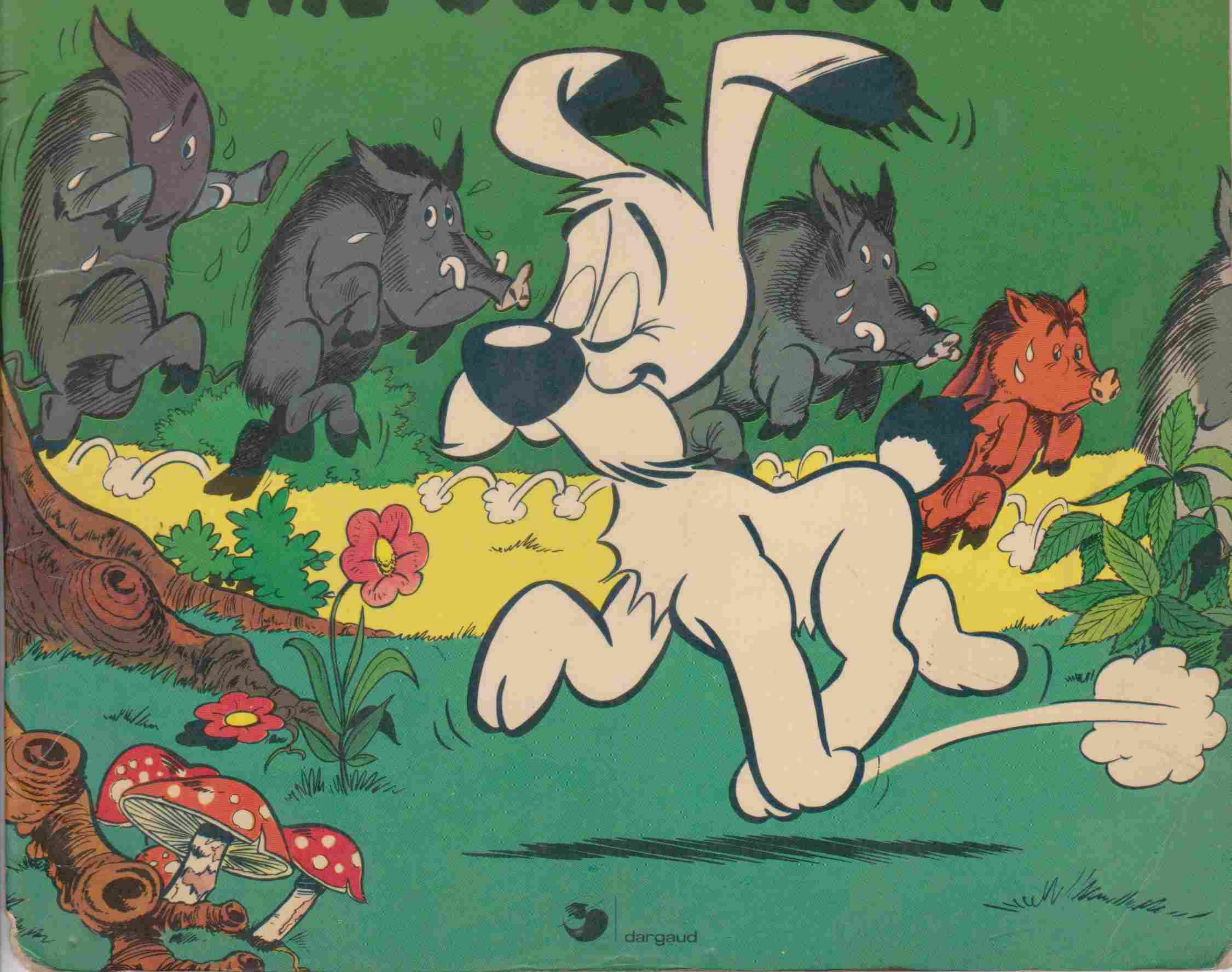


An adventure of *Dogmatix* the mascot of Asterix and Obelix

GOSCINNY

UDERZO

DOGMATIX AND THE BOAR HUNT



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of ***Dogmatix***
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Vanne B.
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24/3/02



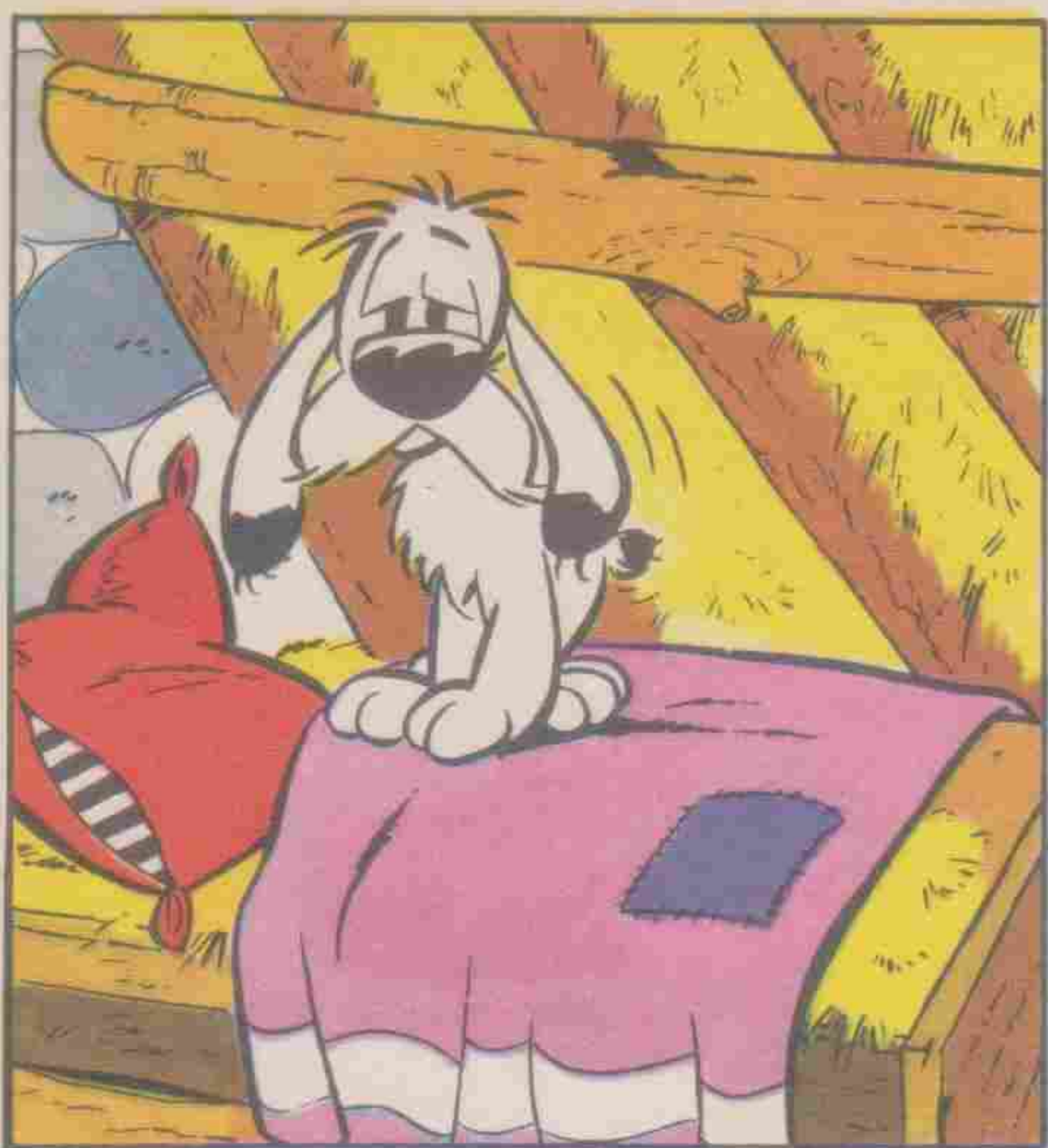
DOGMATIX AND THE BOAR HUNT

UDERZO

GOSCINNY

Translated by Frances Vanner





It was Cacofonix singing that woke me up that morning. The noise he made was so bad that at first I wondered whether I was having a nightmare. Then I thought the sky must have fallen on our heads. I tried to get back to sleep.

I realised I wasn't dreaming when in came Asterix and my friend Obelix, the one who fell into the cauldron full of magic potion when he was little. They gave me a playful shake, poured water over my nose and told me to hurry.



Of course! Today I was to take part in my first real, grown-up wild boar hunt! My friends and I went along to the village square, where all the other hunters were already gathered. Vitalstatistix, the village chief, arrived as usual carried by two warriors, who were still half-asleep, and had hoisted him on to their shoulders with his horse still under him. Cacophonix was about to treat us to another song, but somebody stopped him by thumping him on the head with a club. At last we set out for the forest . . .





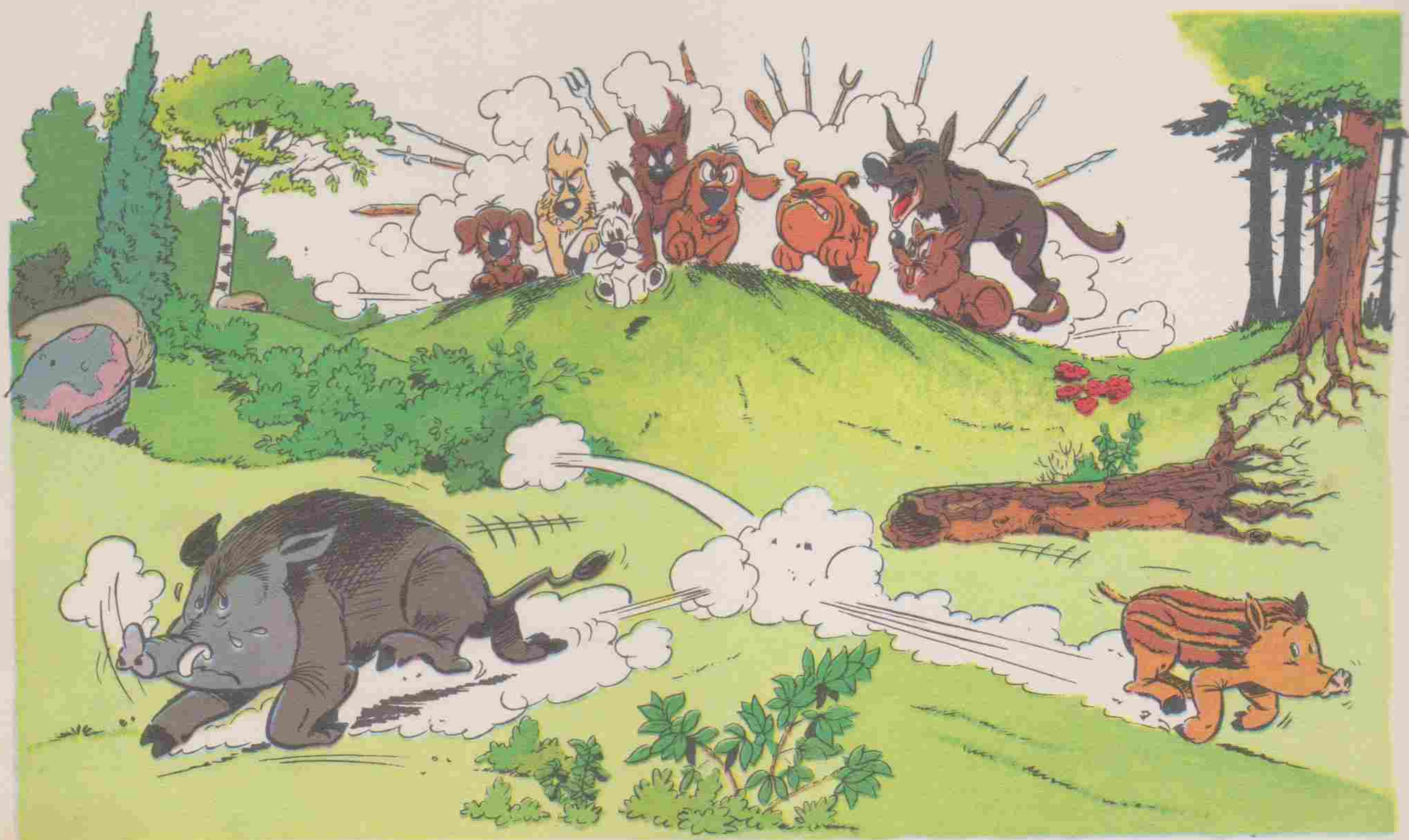
Some of the dogs there were friends of mine, but there were quite a few from nearby villages that I didn't recognize at all. And as the sun rose their barking grew louder and louder as they boasted to each other about their hunting exploits.



The loudest of all were three dogs called Cicero, Caesar and Brutus; they were flexing their muscles and uttering the most terrifying snarls. It was these three beasts who happened to be with me, when, after a long trek, we came across our prey.

We had just reached the top of a small hill covered with pretty flowers, when two shadowy figures shot out from behind a bush. Wild boar! Amidst a great din of voices and bugles, everyone surged forward. To tell the truth, at that very moment I would much rather have gone back home. Wild boar are enormous, hairy creatures, often bad-tempered, and they have gigantic tusks! The last thing I wanted to see was one at close quarters.

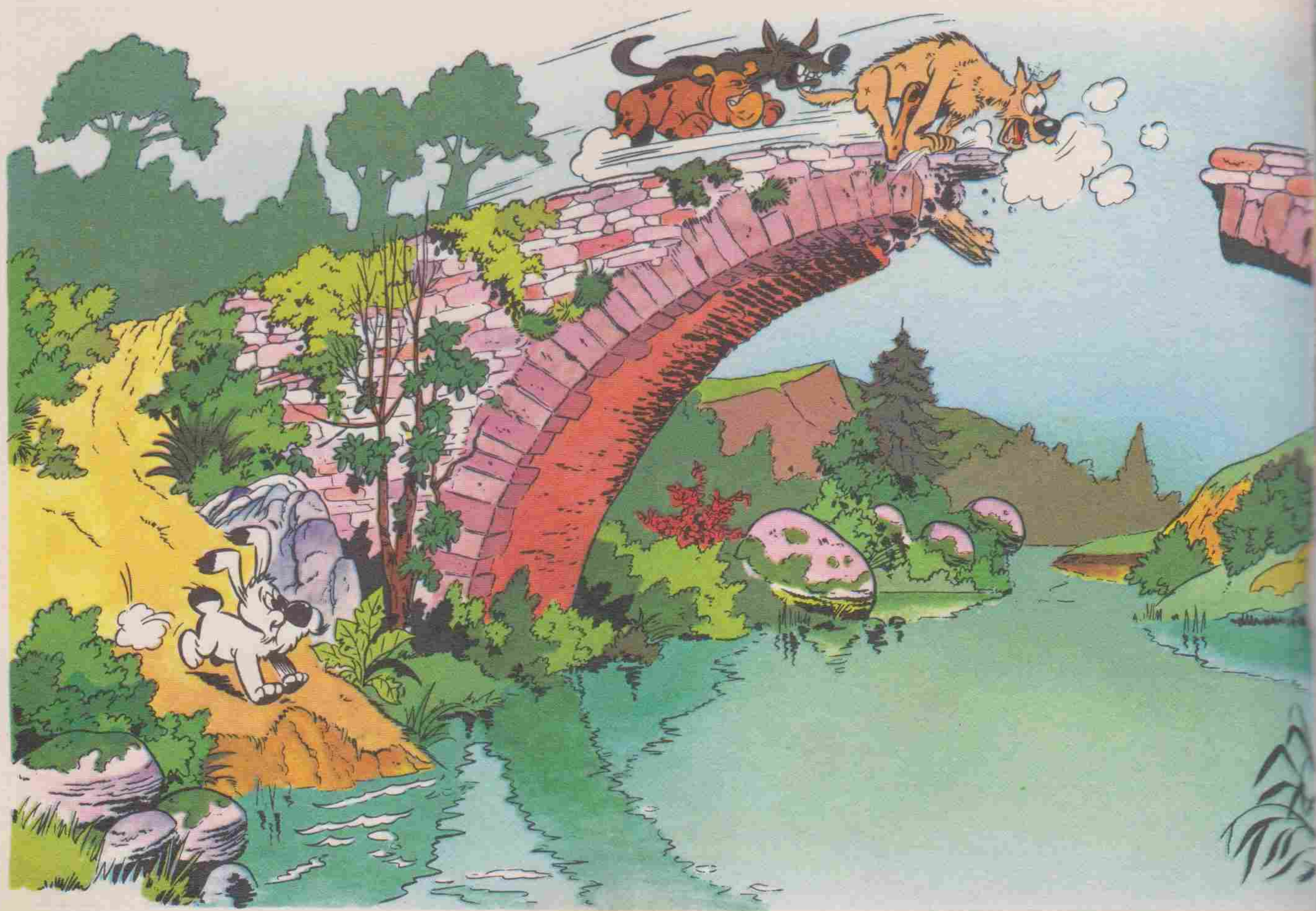
However I was carried forward on the wave of bodies, and forced to throw myself after the frightened animals, who dashed off in opposite directions to make it harder for us to follow.



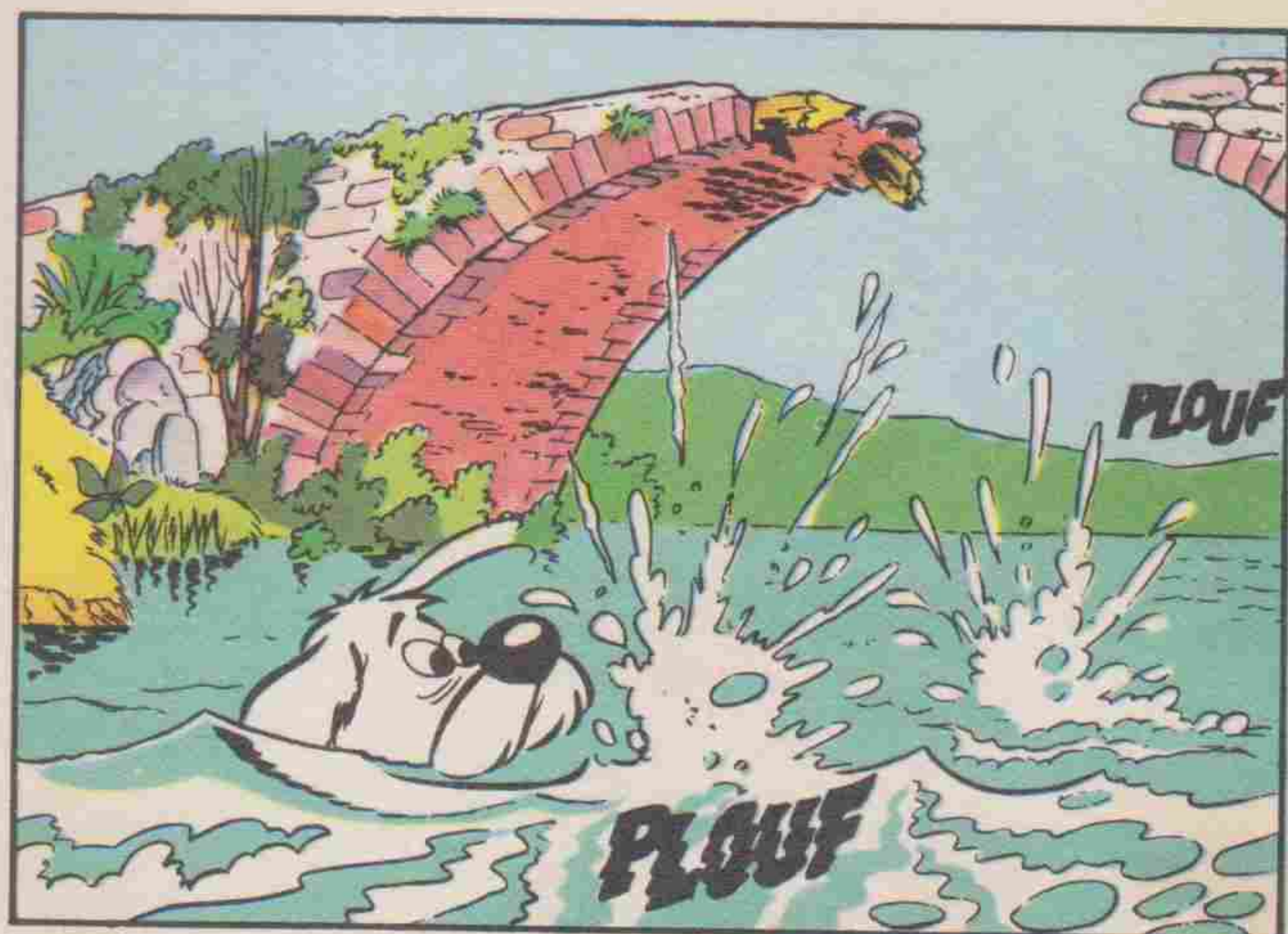
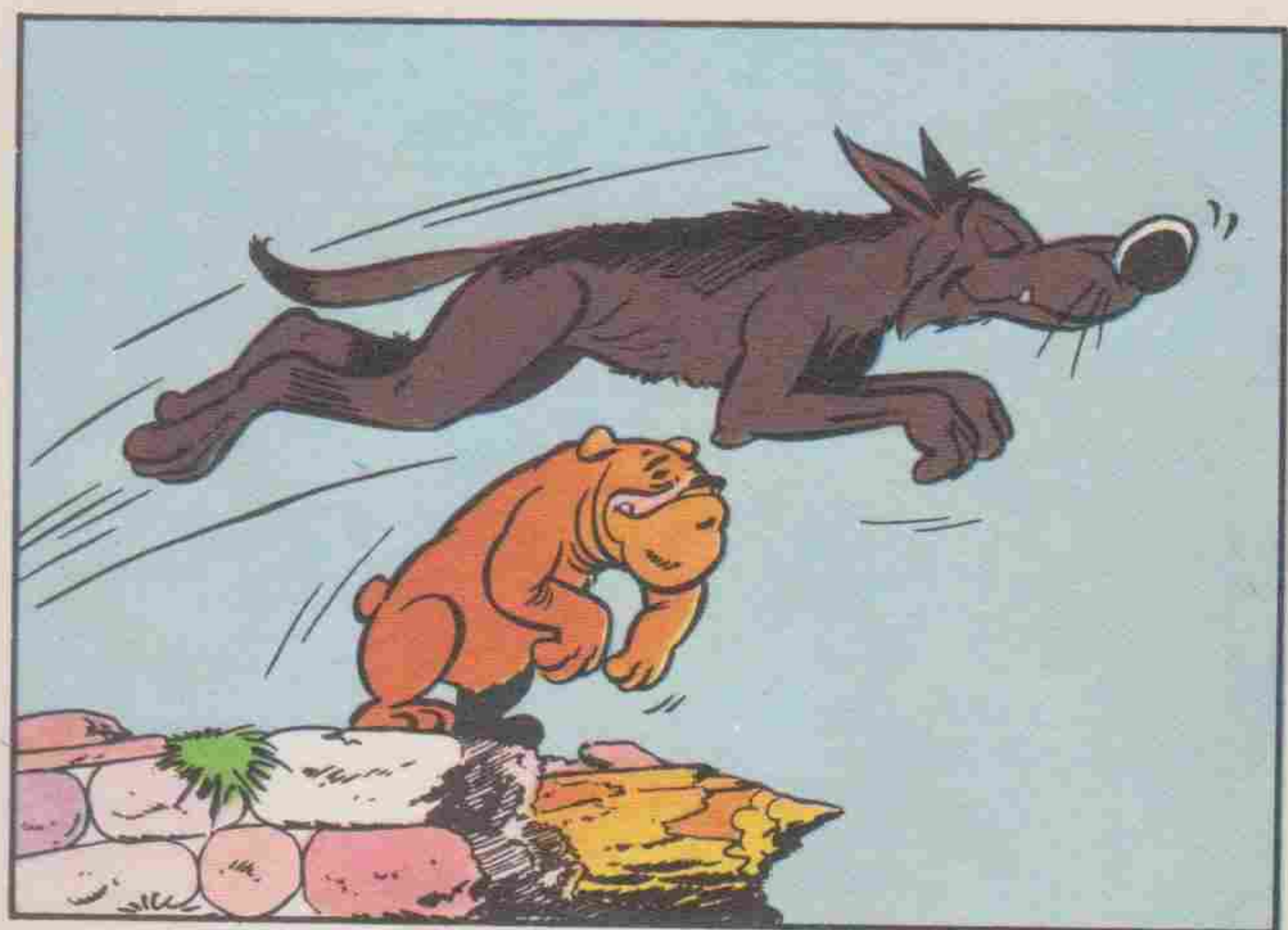


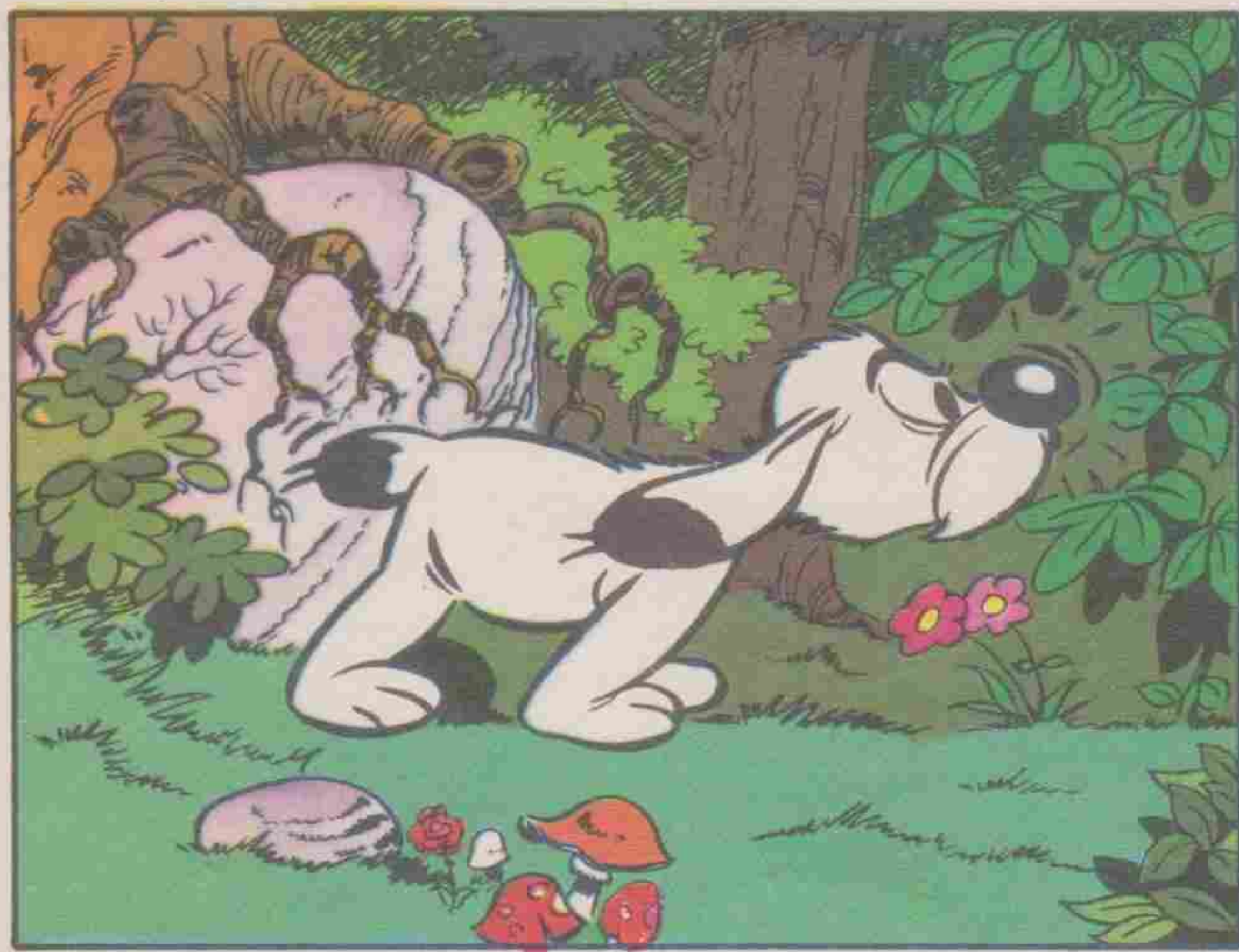
Most of the pack went after the bigger of the two boar, but Caesar, Brutus, Cicero and I decided to chase the other. I remember that, just at that moment, a brown owl who was watching the whole thing shouted to us, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, the four of you, chasing one poor baby boar?' I wanted to stop and tell the owl that he was right. That I wasn't at all proud of myself, but the three demons hard on my tail didn't give me the chance.

We ran across country for a long time, until we came to a ruined bridge where we pulled up. I had a very good suggestion as to how to reach the other side, but the other three wouldn't listen to me. I was the smallest and couldn't possibly know as much as them. Well, if that was the way they wanted it . . . I ran down to the river and had just started to make my way across when Caesar and Brutus made a jump for the other side.



Good intentions sometimes end badly, and this was no exception, as I realised by the two splashes followed by two waves which rushed over me. Anyway, by the time the third stupid animal had worked out that he could swim across the river (because dogs can swim from the day they are born), I had reached the opposite bank. Meanwhile, the boar had got a head start on us, and was nowhere to be seen.

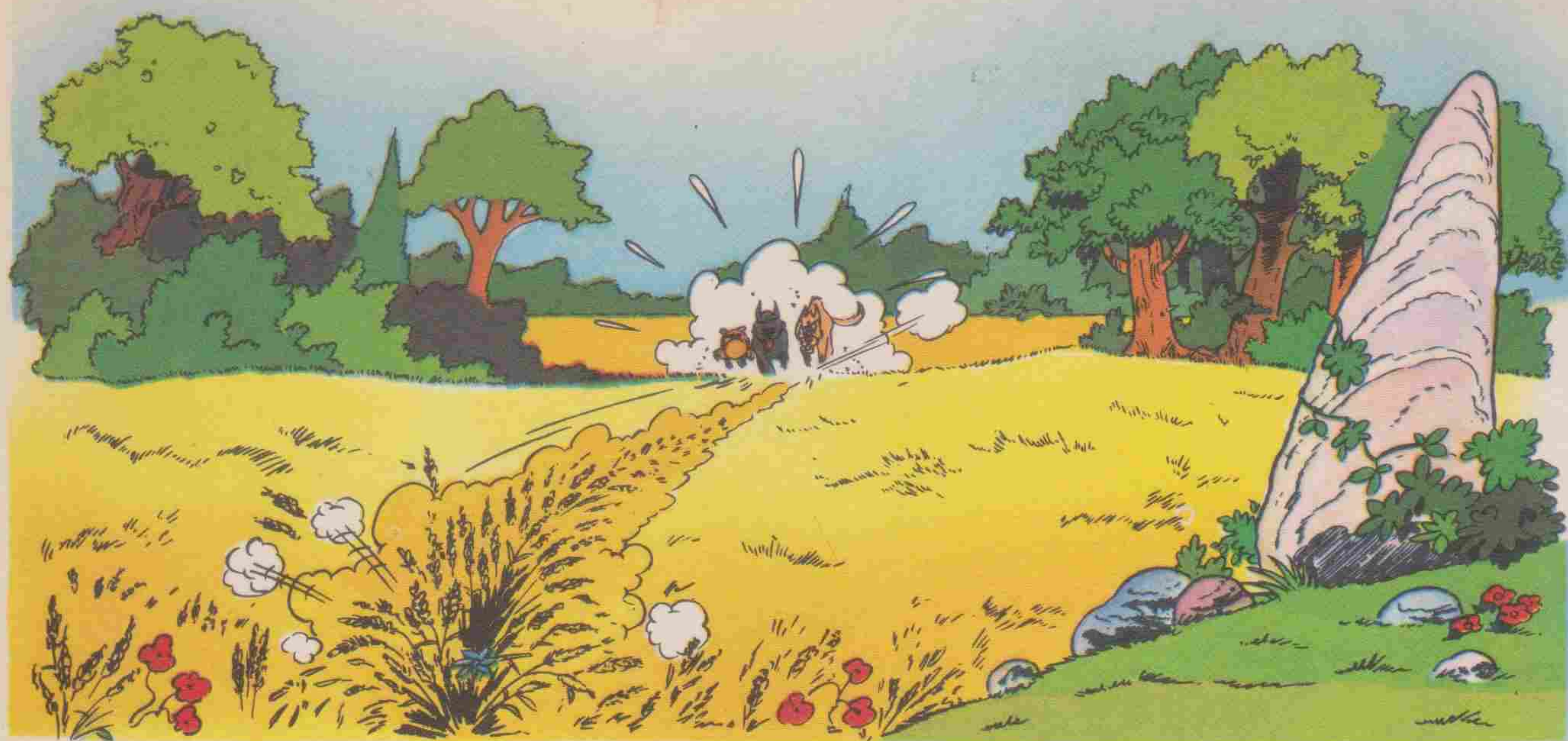




I sniffed around trying to pick up his scent, and then I heard a slight rustling sound, like someone treading on fallen leaves, coming from one of the bushes. I froze; then, quick as a flash, I dived under the branches. It wasn't my day! Instead of a baby boar hidden in the shrubbery, there was only a hedgehog, who was not at all pleased about having his afternoon nap interrupted. I was just about to give up the chase, when I spotted an old abandoned boat not far away. I trotted towards it and peered underneath. There was the baby boar, looking back at me!



He looked so sad and frightened and alone that I felt sorry for him. We began to talk. He told me about his home deep in the forest where he lived with his mummy and daddy, and how worried they would be if he wasn't home before nightfall. Just as I was starting to say 'Quick, go now . . .', my three companions came bounding towards us, and it looked like the end for my new friend. Suddenly I had an idea.

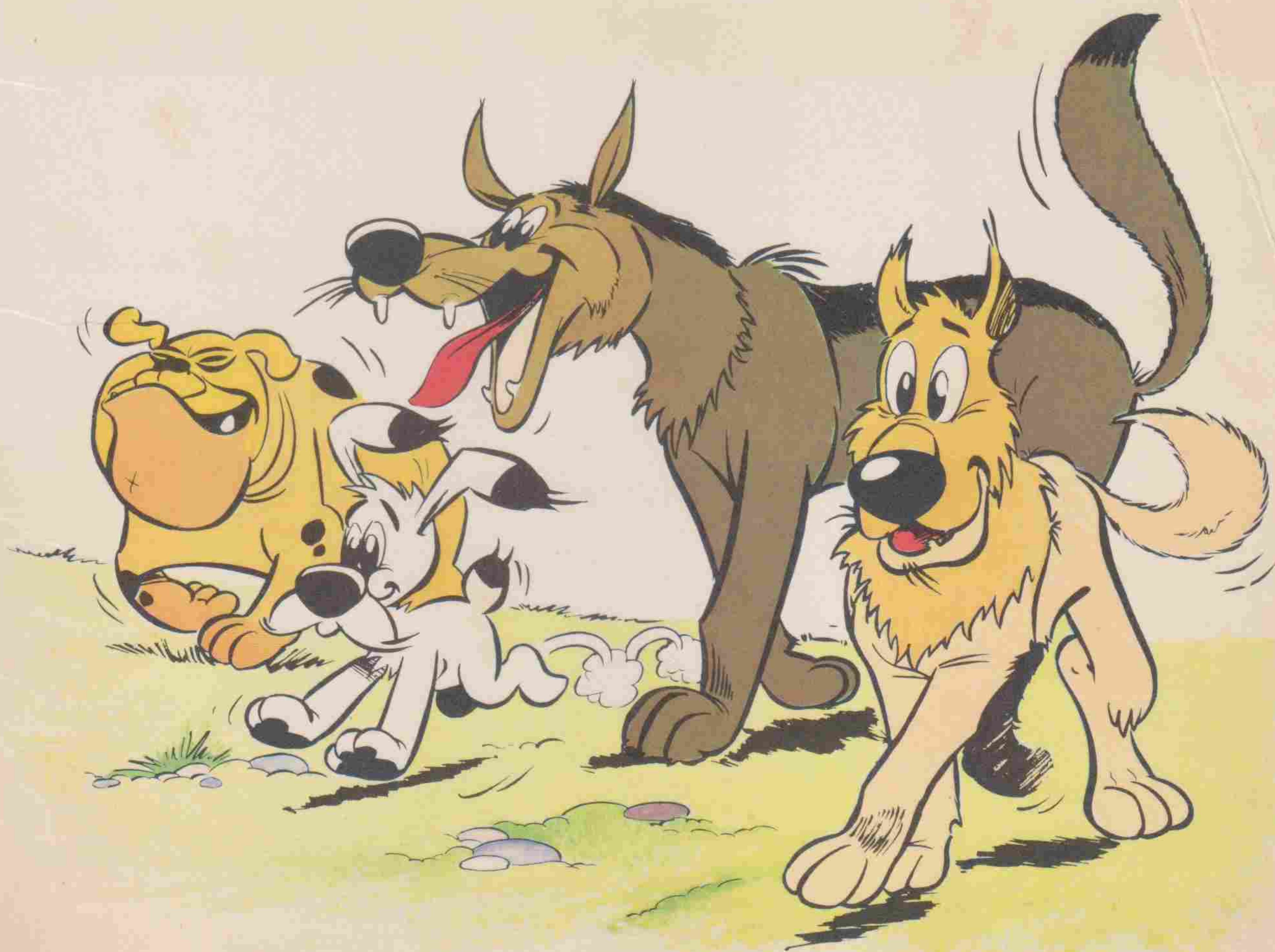


Quickly I explained my plan to him and we split up. He stayed safely hidden under the boat, while I charged away from the river making as much commotion as I could. As I had hoped the hunters thought I was the boar and came bounding after me, howling menacingly. When I had run as much as I could, and given my new friend enough time to get back to his lair, I stopped. Caesar, Brutus and Cicero were furious to see that I had tricked them, and crowded round me growling and snarling. This was too much, and I started shouting angrily that it wasn't fair for all of them to hunt a poor defenceless creature like the baby boar.

'But,' argued Brutus, 'the hunter, which is us, is *supposed* to chase the prey, which is him.'

'Don't be so pig-headed,' I said. 'It's no excuse if you do something that's wrong to say that somebody else did it first. Don't you know how to think for yourselves?'

I suppose in the end I must have made my point, and the four of us went back to the pack the best of friends. I don't think the others understood why we looked so pleased about coming back empty-handed.





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